## THE BELMONT CHRONICLE.

AND FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND MANUFACTURERS' ADVOCATE.

NEW SERIES .... VOL. 6.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, PRIDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1853.

THE BELMONT CHRONICLE, PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING, BY B. R. COWEN.

OFFICE ON NORTH SIDE OF MAIN ST. A few doors west of Marietta Street be off for the "financials." His shirt bosom all that was good and manly. I must remem-TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. If paid within three months, \$1.50 If paid after that time. 2.00 Papers discontinued only at the option of the editor, while arrearages are due.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING. ach square, (11 lines or less,) three week, very additional insertion. Every additional insertion, Yearly advertisements one column, Half column,

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

9. If subscribers order the discontinuance of their periodicals, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the offices to which they are directed, they
are held responsible till they have settled the bill, and
ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publishers, and the periodicals are sent to
forming the publishers, and the periodicals are sent to
the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. The courts have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office, or removing and leaving them
uncalled for, is prima facic evidence of intentional fraud.

## POETRY.

From the Wheeling Intelligencer. THE HOME-SICK BOY. A PARCON.

"The boy stood on the burning deck."-[Mrs. Hemans The boy, stretched on the school-bench, lay, His books around him thrown; His chums had all gone out to play, And left him there alone.

Yet, stalwart limbs were his, at need, And merry glance and note,
As born in youth's wild | ranks to | Lad, And fight, or fun promote

The glee burst forth, but all in vain, His heart was vexed and sore; He turned him to his bench again, To dream of home once more.

He called aloud, "Ch! father, say If yet my task is done?" That father now, was far away,

"Speak, father," once again he cried, "If yet I may go home, And-" but the booming shouts replied, . shaw! Willy; come out, come."

Upon his ear, shout, jibe, and just, In harmless point were spent; He looked from that hard plank of rest, In sullen discontent,

And shouted but once more, aloud, "My father, must I stay!" While brooms and dusters raised a cloud,

That dulled the light of day. It wrapped him round in dingy gloom; It filled his nose and eyes,

It made him "drot" the dusty room, There came a peal-the school-bell's sound ...

The boy, where is he now? Ask the desk; where, gathering round, Young learning's votaries bow.

Lo! classic page, and modern lore His nobler thoughts employ; And, pining on that bench, no more Is seen the home-sick boy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For The Belmont Chronicle.

Peeps at Society. Number one.

BY Q. CUMBER, ESQ.

the cry of every third man you meet who has you remember it, Amy, oh! do you remember attained the dignity of gray hairs and grand- it, ere I had been ten minutes a bride, his fachildren. Well, the sentence is rather a con. ther brought him the wine-cup, and pledged venient one, and I for one am very much rejoiced that in some particulars, at least, Ah, how I trembled and shrank from that fawell as "Nature's mighty law is change." how it throbbed when I saw William my Would to Heaven the change was always for adored William, yielding to a father's tempta-

fogies," are somewhat altered, but it is "for of that cup. better and for worse," as a very interesting document expresses it. In a great many things-in all that appertains to facilities for af science and the arts, "Times" are better and resolve never to drink even wine." youth-in all that appertains to their true him. I believe in temperance as much as

Some forty or fifty years ago-a few more any of your squeamish notions." or less are immaterial—parents had a different way of making their childrensmart—aye, and in quite a different place, too! They me draw a parallel:

was of "life unto life!"

"Young America"—as it is pompously called his distorted face, told every passer-by the its loveliness and beauty. We hear it when in the field at all in the atternoon, and he its loveliness and beauty. We hear it when in the field at all in the atternoon, and he its loveliness and beauty. We hear it when in the field at all in the atternoon, and he its loveliness and beauty. We hear it when in the field at all in the atternoon, and he its loveliness and beauty. We hear it when in the field at all in the atternoon, and he its loveliness and beauty. We hear it when in the field at all in the atternoon, and he its loveliness and beauty. We hear it when in the field at all in the atternoon, and he its loveliness and beauty. We hear it when in the field at all in the atternoon, and he its loveliness are in the control of the its loveliness and beauty. We hear it when in the field at all in the atternoon, and he its loveliness are in the control of the its loveliness and beauty. We hear it when in the field at all in the atternoon, and he its loveliness are in the control of the its loveliness and beauty. We hear it when in the field at all in the atternoon, and he its loveliness are in the control of the its loveliness and beauty. We hear it when in the field at all in the atternoon, and he its loveliness are in the control of the its loveliness are in the control of the its loveliness and beauty. We hear it when in the field at all in the atternoon, and he its loveliness are in the field at all in the atternoon, and he its loveliness are in the field at all in the atternoon, and he its loveliness are in the field at all in bar-room—where else! He sports, in pro-portion to his means, a highly scented "ciga-How could they tarry with the drunkard! her side. She was the hope of our life, the but the old man edging around the ridge; so

retta" or a "atoga." He twirls a cane with | Months ago the spirit of William died. prop to lean on when sgeshould come upon us, Dick and me went over that way. There was | mulations. Botheration! How it hampers | which covered her body. The catastrophe —and from his discolored lips issue in copious his agony, and fighting with a madman's fury quantities, tobacco juice and curses—the one with legions of devils. Remember him with the mildew, and deadly as the Sirocco! A cries. stunning jargon of slang and blasphemy is- I must remember him as the murderer of

their parents neglect them, and they are mantle of charity over a dead husband!" reckless of all else. In this belief they draw Gladly would I have spared you, oh my

From the True Democrat.
THE LAST LETTER OF THE DRUNK-

BY MRS. F. D. GAGE.

Oh, my dear Amy, that I should live to tell you such a tale as my pen must tell you this morning. I shut my eyes; I clasp my cold and almost paralysed hands over them to exclude the fearful vision, but it will not away. No, it is there, a horrid, soul-thrilling, heartbreaking reality. Amy, my sister, my more than sister, can I so crush thee .- So dash from thy lip the cup of joy which thou art now, even now, lifting, sparkling to the brim, with hope and love. Yes, I, even I must do it. Hard and thankless as is the task, it will be more kindly done by my hand than another's, for love will soften every word, and sorrow and deep pity veil every wrong.

brother: my loved and loving husband is dead. Even now while I write these fearful words, the long white sheet in you corner hides away from my sight the manly form, the the fair broad brow and laughing lip of William. Oh God! that this were all that I could tell you; that a fever had wasted him, that consumption had gnawed away his vitals, that the murderer had struck him in the dark. But alas! no! none of these forms of death did not drink the dark waters of death-but Less than a hundred miles from Syracuse, such "specs" as the pictures instruct us, look came to him, to rob the monster of his appaldeath he who was dearer to me than my own life lives an old farmer, whose given name is down from the benevolent face of "Poor they be death he who was dearer to me than my own life lives an old farmer, whose given name is down from the benevolent face of "Poor they Danier S. Dickinson, their Attorney. ling form.

wine the cold sweat of agony from my brow, and tell you all, ave tell you all, not to wound but to warn, lest those who are now growing up to manhood, in the same paths he trod, may reach the final goal of life even as he.

You know, dear Amy, when we were married five years ago yesterday. (Oh! that fatal yesterday) William stood forth among the crowd as the embodiment of noble manhood. Just returned from his long tour of collegiate study, "let loose," as he expressed it, in the great pasture of life, he was the gayest of the gay. He told us that evening, with a proud look, that during his eight years study he had not drank one drop of ardent spirits or wine. He had made the resolve, "touch not, taste not, handle not," till the completion of his studies, till he was old enough to control "Times aint how as they used to was" is himself, till his habits were formed; and do him in a sparkling glass "to his new wife." "times" aint as they "used to was;" for man's ther's first kiss, how my heart misgave me. tion, following a father's example, and grasp-"Times," in the quaint language of "old ing without a seeming thought the contents

"Nonsense, nonsense, Emily," said our father, when I faintly whispered, "Don't William, you have persevered so long, don't commental culture-in the various improvements mence now, but rather renew your convenant. -but in the moral and religious culture of our Nonsense, Emily; a little wine won't hurt advancement, "Times" are unquestionably any one, but this sparkling Catawba' won't hurt a lady. Come, you must not teach him

and narrow path" of rectitude. Ask the old man whose footsteps have for half a century and solution and solut been towards the Church where he first conceived the desire, or formed the habit. Mark beastly bow themselves into the dust in sen- on her lips, as we kissed her for the last time jump for the barn. The old man made up his quietly on our table, as we have pleasantly well his answer! "At my mother's knee!" sualism; not led by the wicked and depraved while living. 'Good-bye, my daughter,' we mind that the mystery was solved. That gosiped a half hour concerning his "circum-into sin and shame; but by his own fireside, whispered, and 'Good-bye, father,' came faint-into sin and shame; but by his own fireside, whispered, and 'Good-bye, father,' came faint-into sin and shame; but by his own fireside, whispered, and 'Good-bye, father,' came faint-into sin and shame; but by his own fireside, whispered, and 'Good-bye, father,' came faint-into sin and shame; but by his own fireside, whispered, and 'Good-bye, father,' came faint-into sin and shame; but by his own fireside, whispered, and 'Good-bye, father,' came faint-into sin and shame; but by his own fireside, whispered, and 'Good-bye, father,' came faint-into sin and shame; but by his own fireside, whispered, and 'Good-bye, father,' came faint-into sin and shame; but by his own fireside, whispered, and 'Good-bye, father,' came faint-into sin and shame; but by his own fireside, whispered, and 'Good-bye, father,' came faint-into sin and shame; but by his own fireside, whispered, and 'Good-bye, father,' came faint-into sin and shame; but by his own fireside, whispered, and 'Good-bye, father,' came faint-into sin and shame; but by his own fireside, whispered, and 'Good-bye, father,' came faint-into sin and shame; but by his own fireside, whispered, and 'Good-bye, father,' came faint-into sin and shame; but by his own fireside, whispered, and 'Good-bye, father,' came faint-into sin and shame; but by his own fireside, whispered, and 'Good-bye, father,' came faint-into sin and shame; but by his own fireside, while sin and shame; but by his own fireside, while sin and shame; but by his own fireside, while sin and shame; but by his own fireside, while sin and shame; but by his own fireside, while sin and shame; but by his own fireside, while sin and shame; but by his own fireside, while sin and shame; but by his own fireside, while sin and s the pliant mind! Dreamy remembrances of at the altar of his home, with his wife and ly from her dying lips. We know not if she supper. bygones come trooping past his dimmed vision children around him, his little ones stretching ever spoke more, but 'Good-bye' was the last memories of another day, when he rambled their arms to embrace him, and his wife pleamemories of another day, when he rambled their arms to embrace him, and his wife pleawe ever heard of her sweet voice. We hear self together, as Hank related the surprise
o'er the sunny slopes of childhood, and drank dieg even loving against his weakness, he that last sorrowful word often and often as of Zury and his son, as they stood face to in a sainted mother's holy teachings—teachings—teachings that I should see we sit alone, busy with the memories of the face.

"But hold on," said he, "I haven't told you past. We hear it in the silence of the night, "But hold on," said he, "I haven't told you were wax in the moulder's hand. His har-

Now a glance at the rising generation—or last. His bloated cheek, his red rimmed eyes, her sweet face comes back to us, as it was in should find old dad bucked, for he hadn't been her sweet face comes back to us, as it was in should find old dad bucked, for he hadn't been her sweet face comes back to us, as it was in the field at all in the afternoon, and he its loveliness and beauty. We hear it when in the field at all in the afternoon, and he

and a-half perday of Champaigne, Port, Bran- and he is dead. Oh! doubly dead to us. Whiskey, or what not, just as he happens to minded, noble brother-the embodiment of city of the dead. bears unmistakeable marks of the vile weed ber him as the dying maniac-shricking in over the face of God's Beautiful Earth-the glaring and blood-shot eyes, with foaming other over God's moral creation-blighting as mouth, uttering curses, groans and deafening

suing from his mouth is drowned in the intox- our boy, for it was his hand that in a frenzied icating bowl-fit sepulchre for so foul a moment dealt the fatal blow that precipitated corpse! This is the boy-the child of the pre- him down the long flight of stairs, which fall sent day! Wherein consists the difference? you know, ended his life, "Spare me, oh In all the advantages of education-in all the Emily, spare me!" I hear you cry, "why convenience of an advanced civilization-the have you told me all this? Why, if my broboy of the present century is to the boy of the ther is gone, will you blight his memory thus! lust century, as Popocatapet1 to a mole-hill. In pity let me remember him as the good the The only difference (hear it, oh ye parents!) noble! Have you thought of the agony that the only difference is that your home-teach- this recital will give his gray haired mother, ings are neglected! In your Church you neg- or of the pange that will grieve his father's lect your children-in your Sabbath School soul, of his young brothers, and sisters just you neglect your children-in your closet you bursting into womanhood! Could you not neglect them. They form the opinion that have spared us this recital, and thrown the

around them a flinty covering-a hard exter- sister, my mother, my father and my brothers. nal-which the rays of light, of truth, of rea- Gladly would I have hid his sins in my own son, of religion, may shine upon, but can heart, and locked them in the casket of love never, never melt. True, they give back as strong as woman's heart e'er knew. But sparks when struck-not sparks of contrition a stern duty said no. His father still orders the wine to be placed before his guest, with his own hands he fills the tempting glass for his sons. His mother smiles complacently and makes no effort, and Amy, my sister Amy and her lover sip the dainty nectar coyly from the same glass. Amy and her lover-he pure, and good and strong now, but not purer or stronger than was William in the days past. Amy said to him, "Drink, it will do you good; never mind Emily-she belongs to the fanatics who preach that every man that wants a glass now and then for exhilaration, must be come a drunkard, because, for sooth, some low vulgar wretch has fallen in a pot-house, Never let a woman rule you, Wili!"-Dost remember it, Amy!

Oh, by that disfigured corpse beneath von winding sheet, by the agony of the tearless wife, (no tears have soothed me since he died) by the cries of orphaned children, who now must depend on charity for bread, let me implore you, Amy, to take your stand against Amy, William is dead; thy loved and loving from the fearful doom; save your lover, if it be not too late; save your father. 'Twas for this and this only I have penned these lines; for this that I have opened the deep and incurable wounds of my heart, in their hideous deformation. To-morrow they will lay bim by his son in the poor-house church yard. There I shall soon follow him, for poverty, shame and abuse have done their work. I

serve thee, is the dying prayer of EMILY-

Thus wrote the dying wife over the corpse my turn to take the feller to night." of her husband, and is there but one such case in this goodly land '-is there but one father going down the hill a little ways, soon showleading his children to ruin! one easy mother, ed himself within a few yards of where the making no effort for her loved ones! but one goat was lying.

We've heard of blowing out candles, and of of roses and furnaces blowing out, and of places are larger to scorn those who would billy had already caught a glimpse of the of roses and furnaces blowing out, and of places are like Souther's Pantisocracy this record of truth may reach their hearts.

Good By .- The editor of the Albany Register comments thus upon this simple word,

were wax in the mounter's name. His narvest is of a piece with his seed time—and that es of the night; and then he grew cold, and lay upon our bed thinking of the loved and time, one day me and Dick had been working hard, and-shall I say it to thee, Amy!-bru- lost to us. We hear it in our dreams, when all day, and we made up our minds that we

quite a Champs Elysees air-drinks his pint Yesterday the breath left his suffering body, and life should be running to its dregs. The old dad and there was the goat. hope and the prop is gone, and we care not "We laid flat on the ground, anxious to to be fulfilled. dy, Gin, Rum, Whiskey, Grog, "Half-and- You, Amy, have not seen him for five years, how soon we go down to sleep beside our dar- know what the old man was going to do, At bed and board, by night or by day, in joy now advanced, without socking, however, to

REGINADER.

"OVER THE LEFT." A PARODY.

O don't you remember Bill Spriggs, mother, Old Spriggs, that lived at the mill With eyes just like a pig's mother, And nose like a parrot's billf With a turn-up chin. And a yellow skin, He was just the man for a bund, Over the left you know, mother, Over the left, you know.

He come to court me-once-mother, When we lived over south; And tried to kiss me--the dunce, mother, But poked his chin in my mouth.

The old scapegrace! I slapped his face-But said 'twas a loving blow; Over the left, you know, mother, Over the left, you know.

He was ugly and old-but rich, mother The last an important thing-So I let the stupid wretch, mother, Come, when a present he'd bring, He said, "My dove,

I told him "Oh yes! just so"--Over the left, you know, mother, Over the left, you know. And Harry got quite jealous mother Although no reason had he; And sighed like a broken bellows, mother,

Will you be my love!"

But I told him "Riddle-de-dee! It's all a sham The old thing to barn; For all the love I show-Is over the left you know, Harry, Over the left, you know."

And ere I was wedded to Harry, mother, I still my humor would please: And though I'd consented to marry, mother, I yet could not help but tense.

I should love evermore, Old Spriggs, I swore-It made Harry as mad as a hoe; But 'twas over the left, you know, mother, Over the left, you know.

When I stood up at the altar, mother,

To wed the man of my choice,

Over the left, you know.

I pretended to tremble and falter, mother, And spoke with inaudible voice. To "love and obey" Dear Harry, that day To pledge I was no ways slow; But 'twas over the bit, you know, mother,

told him our needs,) oh say to him, my sister brought up to wield "the agricultural implethat I would rather my babes, my darling boys ment,"-from one of these I have my story. could be brought up in the poor-house, and Old Zury had an old goat on the farm, on their risks among strangers, than to live which is not one of the most peacefully disin his lordly halls, and be tempted day by day posed creatures in the world and on this acto sin by loving lips and hands. count the boys take no little delight in put-I shall never write you again, but let me ting his lordship on his taps, once in awhile, plead with you as one from the grave: give by way of amusement; for a long time the your aid to the work of reform. Stand no old man had noticed that when Billy came more with the tempters; stand no more with home at night he was completely covered the idle. The whole soul is crying out for with mud and water, and old Zury could not help: you can do much, for you have talent, imagine how he should become so; so he dewealth, and beauty. Join, then, the army of termined, if possible, that he would find out women who are already marshalled to fight the cause of poor Billy's daily misfortune.

the moral battle for humanity. Women must One day lie left the boys-to pick up the do the work, man is too busy; he has weelth rakes, &c., after a hard day's work of having o make, fame to gain, honor to acquire. How -and walked around to the ridge, where can he stop to save! Stop to save, did I say! Billy generally kept himself; it was about he is pulling down-making gold through the time for the goat to go to the house, but there bodies and souls of men-filling his coffers he lay, quiet and dry; so old Zury seated with gold coined from strong men's hearts, himself behind a stump, determined to watch wive's tears, and orphan's wails. Let women his movements, that night, at any rate; he to the work, nor stay her hand till the mon- had not been there more than fifteen minutes, ster sin is crushed beneath the iron hoof of when who should he see coming along the ridge but the two boys; his first impulse was Farewell! I can write no more. God pre- to tell them to keep back, but upon second thought he said nothing.
"Take my load, Hank," said Dick; "it's

Hank took Dick's load from h's back, and

save the weak or wavering from destruction. beys and soon was on his feet. Hank laid flat great schemes, like Southey's Pantisocracy We know there are thousands, and we trust on the ground, and Dick, on the edge of the or the South Sea Bubble, blowing out, but ridge, now presented a full front, which did the idea of blowing out the sun!-it is the not seem exactly to please his goat-ship, for strongest figure in the pathetic "pome." he pointed for him, and down went Dick, to is to be "blowed out," most likely, in the same aggravate Billy to a still more desperate way that Tom the Piper blew out his breath lunge; and again the signal rose, and Billy and life in the days of "good queen Bess." jumped, but just as he got within a few feet But we suspect the poet's vaticination, when were in nowise fearful of breaking the spirits the kind, the generous, polite and dignified. How many emotions cluster around that Dick lowered himself about two pegs, and he predicts the death of us all "like hert"of their darlings. Look at the result! How to talk to me then of being "squeamish." I word. How full of sadness, and to us, how Mr. Goat lowered himself about fifteen feet by cholera-morbus. Shade of Pandora, hide knew well that there was a devil in the cup full of sorrow it sounds. It is with us a con- into a ditch of marsh, mud and water. Hank us! compare with that that is coming up! Let even of "sparkling Catawba." Again and secrated word. We heard it once within the had caught a sight of a small corner of the There is the "Farmer's Column," and the again William was pressed to drink. This year, as we hope never to hear it again. We old man's hat above the stump, and sloped for "Ladies' Department," and "Sunday Read-The tottering step of the aged is turned was the first step. We came West-come spoke it on an occasion, such as we hope never the bars, while Dick was not a little surpris- ing," and "Our Joker" surmounted by Puck churchward—the trembling, faltering voice to a city where all men, as it were, indulged to speak it again. It was in the chamber of ed at the sudden transformation of the old in fool's cap and bells, with a grin on his face of infirmity is framing petitions to the throne in wine. My husband felt himself strong to death, at the still hour of night's noon. The of Mercy. Where one foot is in the grave, resist temptation. His table could not be curtains to the windows were all closed, the old man, at fifteen paces, who, by the way, was piece! What jokes those must be that so dithe other is almost always in the "straight set without wine. "How could be refuse to lights were shaded, and we stood in the dim not the most forbearing person in the world; vide the continent of man's countenance!-

I thought I should not be able to hold my-

half," "Tom and Jerry," Corn and Potato You will remember him as the lofty, high- ling, beneath the shadow of the trees in the when what was our surprise to see him take or grief, in health or sickness, at home or impose it on others." the exact position Dick had taken a couple of abroad-debt grim, gaunt and shadowy, falls weeks before.

We said nothing, for we hadn't seen any of that kind of sport in a long time; the old memory of "bills and notes payable" from day last the most remarkable feat of speed man presented rather a formidable appear-ance, but Billy, nothing daunted, pointed for so enlivening, no reminiscence more delicious the turf, died on Saturday night. After he the mark, the old man lowered, but a little than the consciousness that debt has fallen had performed that unprecedented race too late, for the goat took him "plump." We like a January morning, twenty-nine degrees against time, going 100 miles in eight heard something strike in the mud, and it below zero! wasn't Billy, for he stood looking down the ridge. Me and Dick pulled for the barn, and Deed of Separation between the National covered with six or eight thick blankets. It in a few minutes we saw old dad paddling for the house, covered with mire from head to

"That night the old man was dressed up in his best clothes. I ventured to ask him if he was going over to see the Deacon." "See the Descon! no! Can't a man put on

"Yes," said Dick, looking out the door, "can't a man go to see the goat without

tumbling in the mud!" Dick was gone, and old dad looking at me,

Old Fashioned News Papers.

Our young friend PLIMPTON, of the Ravenstyle, &c., of newspapers of olden times, and way places. The poetry especially, is very pathetic and moving. Hear him:

of exchanges which "look as like as two of slavery in the District of Columbia; thence peas," and which are whittled down like eve- in a westerly zig zag course towards Buffalo, ry thing else in this stereotyped age of until it strikes Ben Butler's tickle-straw; bly be the face of the splendid gray horse that straight-juckets, to an insipid uniformity, and thence due north to British sympathy; thence give a reverential "turn-to" as one of these hoary remainders of the olden time straggles thence south, (so as to leave the large lot be reced to doubt a lower south as one for instruction of the south as one for instruction of the second to doubt a lower sort for leave bed. on to our table -such an one, for instance, as the republican, published somewhere near left;) thence east to a pile of incendiary doc-Dowsgiac, Mich. How hugely we admire uments marked 'The Mail Eag;' thence north vers of the defunct horses should have been the originality exercised in displaying the advertisements! what a magnificent spread eagle thence east down a steep declivity to the overshedows with its pinions Wiggins' an-nouncement of the arrival of a fresh lot of office-seekers, inconsistencies, any sort of Scotch ale and fourth proof! How that mammoth pig squeezes his fat sides into the corner where the butcher displays his wares!—

Here's are advertisement, tony turner, there Here's an advertisement topsy-turvy; there, parading side-wise: younder, as I live! is the or otherwise, subject only to the condemna-"apothumekary's mortar and pestle, capacious tion of all lovers of their country. And the enough for the Paint King's use or a pudlers's said party of the first part hereby covenant a "perfect Arab" for horses-I claim no exbasin. And there, over the jeweler's advertisement, is a pair of spectacles we speak fences that now surround the premises herewith deference of these nose-striders, lest our by conveyed a sufficient height to prevent all deed. I must say, in the manner of Alexander own fine us for contempt of their jurisdiction -looking like "two full or bed moons," trim-DAD'S EXPEBIMENT WITH BILLY. med out and connected by a pot-hook, just drank them, that they have killed me. If Zury-a hard working, honest old English. Richard." There, too, is the "Poet's corner," our father cares for the children, (I know he man, owning a good farm of over a hundred will, and would have done it long ago had we acres, and faithful boys, who have been laced with a willow yow. What a sinecure martin-box for "ye gentell mynstrell!" and what doleful strains come out of it! Lines on the death of Susan Lee, aged eighteen." Take the first verse as a sample.

In the year eighteen hundred fifty three, On Sunday night, dear Susan Lee Was seized by relentless cholera, Morbus. The skillful doctor, he Tried all his powers to save, but death

Closed her eyes and stopt her breath.

Poor Susan! her's was a pitiful extremity. loubt, less & the poet does the elegaic with the pathos of Bion. What were Achilles without embalment in Homeric amber, and what Susan Lee without a quotient in this barding's Akron bard of Knickerbocker memory? "A poet's love is immortality." But we can't resist the felicity of the last stanza; it is the grand moral of the tale; we must reproduce

O, Death, thou art a traveler, Thou'lt kill us all as thou kilt her, And it is written, 'we all must die,' And in the cold ground buried lie Till Gabril bloweth out the sun, Then may it be said to us, 'Your work is

man from pillar to post-lurking in his breakfast cup-poisoning his dinner-embittering his tea!--now it stalks from him like a living. presence by recounting the amount of liabilintroducing its infernal "balance" into the calculation of madam respecting the price of ments, and when Lot and his children that the different ments and when Lot and his children that the different tha calculation of madam respecting the price of a new carpet, or a new dress! How it hinders dreamy plans of speculations and accuto look toward the place where she had be advantaged by the countries of the Kocky and the central part of the Kocky and the place where she had be advantaged by the central part of the Kocky and the central part of the

as an incumbrance. As no presence is too reserved, no ground is too holy to deter the The bay gelding, who performed on Satur-

Democrats and the Free Soilers and Soft conlition.

"This Indenture, made this 13th day of Sepof men possessing Democracy, between the celebrated pacer, Hero, is very low, and it is company composing the firm of Jefferson feared that he also will die. Democracy of the first part and the little good clothes without going to see the Dea- crowd of dead weights, who, like vampyres, these very natural and just strictures: have preyed upon the credit of the said company, composing the unincorporated firm of that the noblest horse in the world, one which Barnburners, Softshells, short boys, assassins, had performed the greatest feat of speed and and New York thieves, of the second part; endurance, has been brutally murdered by witnesseth that the said party for the first horse-racing gamblers, there would be cause and then very significantly at a heavy wooden part, for and in consideration of a good ridbootjack, I stepped out of the back door .- dance to them, duly paid, have discarded, and by these presents do forever discard and quit claim, all their title and interests of, in, and to that certain small parcel or moiety of respectability and claimed for and belonging to na Whig, gets off a capital sketch of the one heretofore connected with said firm, to wit: Martin Van Buren, lying and belonging such as occasionaly come to hand from out of to the town of Sour Crout, county of Prince John, and State of Uncertainty.

"Bounded as follows: commencing at a It does our eyes good to turn from the piles ed 'Revenge' running thence south to a veto small post in the Baltimore Convention markand agree to keep up in perpetual repair the emption from the charge of loving a "charg-

> egress from the said premises. year above written. JEFFERSON DEMOCRACY.

"Signed, scaled, and delivered in the pres- is-an ass, and dezerves a perpetual diet of GEORGE W. CLINTON." ss .- On this 13th day day of September, 1853, before you at your bangnet on the 20th. Hobefore me came Daniel S. Dickson, who is ping that Vermont will represent herself to me personally known as the agent of the first part, and acknowledged that he had executed the foregoing instrument as the act and deed of the Jefferson Democracy.

JOHN C. MATHER. Canal Commissioner."

tive of Lot's wife:

resents a compact mass of rock salt, the get to California. height of which varies, but never exceeds 100 The pass which they mention, through yards. At the summit, the salt is covered which Captain Gunnison went, is one of five by a stratum of clay of a dirty white hue. in the Sierre Blanca, leading from the The whole of the hill side presents numerous Arkansas pinins into the Valley of San Luis fissures hollowed by the winter torrents, and the constant crumbling of the soil. At many them higher up, and from seven'y to eighty points appear vast pyramidal columns of salt, miles nearer than the other two, by being one of which has no doubt been taken by more in the straight line to the Coo cea lope Captain Lynch for the famous pillar into in the Rocky Mountains, or the Canero which which Lot's wife was transformed. All the is near it, and nearly as good. Instead of no deeply furrowed and indented by the rains. traveler has choice in the variety, and is only And lastly wherever the rock leans over, its lower part is hung with stalactites of salt. Is it possible to explain the death of Lot's dated, is just at the spot where Fremont was wife! I am inclined to believe so, and this turned out of the valley by his guide in the Debt is a perfect bore. How it haunts a would be my solution: At the moment when winter of 1848 and 1849, and when he found ly, there must have been throughout its whole the Utahs passed from the Del Norte to the extent tremendous falls of detached masses, Arkansas, and which was so level that he moving skeleton, seeming to announce his similar to those we have observed at every could only by careful observation detect the step. Lot's wife having lostered behind, point of the dividing waters.

useless energies, cripples resolutions too good may be explained in many ways; but having visited the spot, I hold to the opinion I have

hours and fifty-eight minutes, he was taken to the stable where he was bled and then is the prevailing opinion among horsemen. that this superabundance of covering, while tember, 1853, at a time that tests the honesty this noble animal. We also learn that the in an exhausted state, caused the death of

Upon the incident the Tribune indulges in

In no other cause existed than this one fact,

"To put in every honest hand a whip

To lash the rescal naked through the world" For who but a rascal could be guilty of driving a horse one hundred miles in less than nine hours, for no object on earth than to make the noble animal the tool of gamblers to win money from their dupes; and then, not content with that cruelty, to force him on another mile to win a few more dollars, till the poor exhausted creature only found relief from his worse than brute driver in the sleep of death. Such is the fate of the horse that trotted 101 miles on the Long Island Center-

A Characteristic Letter. John G. Saxe addressed the following let-

ter to the Committee of Invitation at Spring-

Bunlington, Vr., Oct. 14, 1853. GENTLEMEN: -I am very sorry that I shall not be able to partake of your horse pitality. Being born a Vermonter-who, you know, is to Diogeness-"if I were not a man I would "Witness our hand and seal the day and be a horse"-an animal which, in ottor contempt of the monkey theory of the natural-

ist, I held to be the next of his kin to his master. In short, he who does not love a horse thistles, instead of the sumptuous fare wi "County of Union for the sake of the Union, your famous Springfield caterers will spread

I am, gentlemen, yours, very truly,

Central Route to the Pacific. Messes. Gales & Seaton-Gentlemen SAVE THE DEAD LEAVES .- If every horri- I send you a letter just received from Fort culturist would reflect for a moment on the Massachusetts, in the valley of San Luis, nature of fallen leaves, which contain not head of the Rio Grande del Norte; which only the vegetable matter, but the earthly came to me as unexpectedly as if it had fallen salts, lime, potash, &c., needed for the next from the clouds, and could not have been year's growth-and that, too exactly in the more acceptable if it had been from any othproportion required by the very tree, and cr spot on the globe. It is written by a plant from which they fall; nay, more, if they Virginia emigrant to California-one who would consider that it is precisely in this way, had been there before, and now made one of by the decomposition of these very fallen the party of emigrants all removing, and leaves, that nature enriches the soil, year af- taking with them large herds of sheep and ter year, in her great forests, it would scarce- some cattle for the California market. They ly be possible for such a reflecting horticul- traveled upon the line which Reale and Heap turist to allow these leaves to be swept away described, and confirm all they said by the by every wind that blows, and finally lost al- actual fact of the easy traveling of their together. A wise horticulturist will diligent- wagons, and the condition of their sheep and ly collect, from week to week, the leaves that cuttle, "about as fut as any in the Philadelphia full under each tree, and by digging them un- or Baltimore market;" and that after travelder the soil about the roots, where they will ing upwards of one thousand miles from Illidecay and enrich that soil, provide in the nois, and seven hundred of it from the cheapest manner the best possible food for Missouri frontier. The country is rich and that tree. In certain vineyards in France, beautiful, and the Valley of San Luis and the vines are kept in the highest condition by the mountain grass all that Lerox and Fresimply burying at their roots every leaf and mont described it to be. Only think of that branch that is pruned off such vines, or that grass-thick as a meadow to the top of the falls from them at the end of the season .- mountains, and many acres good for four mowed tons-and plenty all the winter to sustain stock without food or shelter. The letter is exactly such a one as I would with A French savant, M. de Saulcy, gives the to get-a plain statement of what was acollowing interpretation of the sacred narra- tually seen by an emigrating company, moving in a body, without any system or theory "The Djebbel-el-Melchh, or Djebel Sdoum, to establish, and looking for the best way' to